

# Fear of Pig's Blood Long Kept Filipino Fanatics from Running Amuck

It Was the Pleasant Little Custom of Certain Oath-Bound Moros, with a View to Gaining the Seventh Heaven, to Pitch Into a Group of American Soldiers with a Sword and Die While Shedding Christian Blood—How Lieutenant Miller Stopped This for a While Forms an Odd Story.

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THE Juramentado of Mindanao are dying in the face of the fear of the blood of the pig. The datos of the Moro are again inducing the fanatic followers of their ultra-Mahometan faith to run amuck and die in the spilling of the blood of Christians. Two sergeants, one corporal and four privates of the American forces in the Philippines are dead as a result of the most recent outbreak. The fear is abroad among our troops that occupy the southern portion of the archipelago that the fanaticism of slaughter that proved so deadly when first they went into the islands has been revived and that they are again face to face with this the most delicate problem with which the provincial government has ever had to deal.

The details of the most recent outbreak came to light through the report of Captain J. J. Pershing, Governor of these Moro provinces, which has just been received by the Insular Bureau. The stage setting is in the neighborhood of Lake Lanao, in Mindanao, the very scene of the most extreme of the earlier outbreaks. There are the same religious ceremonies in the forests, the same incantations, the same preparations of the individual for the sacrifice, the same slaughter, the same death.

It all calls to mind the earlier days of the occupation, when these outbreaks occurred regularly. It also calls to mind that occurrence never before written in detail wherein a young American lieutenant introduced the blood of the pig

American soldiery and baffled the authorities.

The Juramentado, or oathbound men, hold that the surest passport to their seventh heaven is to die in the act of killing Christians. Not only this, but such a death frees all their descendants from slavery, and many men and their children are bound to slavery through debt. The man who dies killing Christians is sainted, and his memory is held more sacred than all others in his tribe. There is no glory among the Moros that compares with this sort of death.

So, when the Americans settled down among the Moros to win them over to a Western civilization, the oathbound men began to appear. A group of soldiers might be gossiping on some corner of an invested village, when suddenly a native whom they had not previously observed would whip out his kris, or curved and razor edged sword, and fall upon them. He would slash frantically right and left. One, two or three soldiers might fall beneath his thrusts before the group rallied to resistance. Then there was but one method of quieting the native, which was to kill him. He fought as long as there was life left in him, stoically, showing no feeling. He sought to die covered with many wounds and suffering great

agony. The binding of the thongs, were all carried out. Oath went into the village. He stoically approached a group of soldiers. Suddenly he whipped out his kris from beneath his garment and fell upon them. He cut and slashed until he was himself brought down, bleeding from many wounds. He had died gloriously and the tribes back in the woods rejoiced. They saw in his death an ex-



MOROS OF THE LAKE LANAO COUNTRY, SCENE OF THE RECENT TROUBLES.

provinces, to which the tale of the American method of battling with the practice has not penetrated.

It has been nearly a decade since interior Mindanao had been so disturbed until the present outbreak reported by Captain Pershing. In this case the outbreak is as much a concentration of outlaws, both Christian and Mahometan, as it is a gathering of oath-bound men. There seems to have been among the outlaws some of the priests of the old faith, and there is evidence of the old religious ceremonies and the specific cases of the fanatics who have thrust themselves into the death by violence. The whole band has, however, been rent to pieces by ordinary military methods, and there may be no further necessity of enacting the drama of the pig to discourage the deadly practices.

Likewise there is a delicacy on the part of the authorities in sanctioning the practice. The difficulties of an isolated campaign of this sort in so strange a land are so many and the emergencies arising so diverse that the occasion must call for its own cure. The American soldier has been versatile in these emergencies and the government of the Philippines may well challenge all history for a parallel of accomplishment with so little spilling of human blood.

Lieutenant Miller died in the height of his usefulness. He had brought absolute peace to Palawan, which he governed. Its natives mourn his death as the greatest misfortune that could have befallen them. His picture is reproduced in the annual report just made to the President. The number of American soldiers now living that would have died miserably but for his strategy of the pig may never be known. But all the history of the nation lays down no small incident of so dramatic an interest and no soldier better met a peculiar emergency.

Just how the datos of the Moro have now persuaded their followers to defy the contamination of the pig has not yet been disclosed.

WILLIAM ATHERTON DUPUY.

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The late Green McCurtain, chief of the Choctaws, had a high opinion of the business astuteness of white men.

"No Indian can get the better of a palface," Chief McCurtain said to a Guthrie reporter during the recent Oklahoma investigation, "and when two pale-faces get bargaining together, then it is like cutting diamonds with diamonds."

"Two Oklahoma pale-faces once hunted in my camp. They spent the evening with me, and over the fire and the fire-water they began to barter and traffic, and to make deals and dickers."

"Finally Bill said: 'Sam, let's trade horses—my bay for your roan.'"

"It's a go," Sam agreed. "The trade's a go. Shake on it, partner."

"They shook hands. Then Bill said with a loud laugh:

"Sam, I've bested ye this time. My hoss is dead. Died yesterday."

"So's mine dead," said Sam. "Died this mornin'." And what's more, I've took his shoes off."

Woman, though not pugnacious, seldom hesitates to strike a bargain.

## Now to Begin Work on Great Appalachian Forest Reserve

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damage amounting to \$2,000,000. It wiped out all values in land worth, prior to the flood, from \$75 to \$100 an acre. At Elizabethton the river broke from its channel and swept through the town, destroying one street entirely and cutting a new channel, which the town has attempted to close by building a stone and crib work across its upper end. The scars made in the course of the few hours which were occupied in wiping out the street will be visible for years.

On one river in the Nolichucky basin changes due to erosion have been so great that the tax assessment on some lands have been entirely removed, and on others they have been cut 50 and 25 per cent. One farm, however, which was washed by an eddy was so greatly benefited that the assessment was raised 25 per cent. In the Chattanooga basin a number of different ferries have been affected. In some cases the channels have to be kept open by the use of horses and scrapers, while in one case the ferry has been given up altogether and a bridge built. In many of the streams mill ponds have been filled up leaving the mills almost without power. In June, 1903, in the vicinity of Spartanburg, S. C., a flood swept away fourteen cotton mills and many bridges and houses and destroyed more than fifty lives. The property loss was not less than \$3,500,000. It was caused by partially obstructed river channels, where sand and gravel had been deposited.

The condition has been credited in part to the opening of steep slopes for cotton cultivation. The slopes were too steep for agricultural purposes and the water in course of time carried off the soil to such an extent that artificial terracing had to be done. In recent years the horsepower available for the cotton mills on the streams during the dry season has decreased from one-fourth to one-third what it used to be.

In the Tennessee River islands are growing in size owing to the debris coming down the stream. This river is important for waterpower purposes as well as for navigation. In recent years much dredging has been necessary, and the government has spent several millions of dollars on it.

These are only a few of the indications of the need for the protection of the headwaters of the rivers of the Appalachian system, not to speak of the necessity for protecting the forests for the benefit of future generations. What is to be done?

There are two distinct problems, one of which relates to agriculture and the other to forestry. This is what Leonidas Chalmers Glenn, of the United States Geological Survey, who made the investigation of the area says about it:

"The agricultural problem involves the selection of the areas best suited for agriculture because of fertility of soil and moderate slope of surface, and the study of the ways in which such areas may best be handled to prevent their destruction through erosion and the destruction of other lands and property by

the waste they yield and the floods they help to generate. Much of the mountain area is properly agricultural land, and as the population increases more and more of this area must be brought under cultivation. This means that steeper and steeper slopes must be cleared and that danger of erosion must increase unless improved methods of agriculture are introduced. Terracing, contour ploughing and ditching, crop rotation, sodding to pasture or meadow, as well as the crops best adapted to the region, especially those most helpful in holding soil on steep slopes, should be studied, and to be of practical value this study must consider all these things as they are directly related to the specific and sometimes peculiar climatic rainfall, soil slope, labor and other natural and economic conditions in the region. The study of the agricultural problem should also include a consideration of practicable methods of reclaiming eroded and abandoned lands, and of the effectiveness of brush, straw, or other filling for gullies, of brush, log or rock dams across them and of tree, vine or other vegetative covering for bare areas. In studying these problems much could be learned from Europe, where, for hundreds of years, man has slowly won to agriculture area after area of steeper and steeper slope as population has pressed hard upon subsistence.

"Much of the area, also, is not naturally agricultural land. The forester would protect steep slopes by keeping them clothed with timber, would coax back tree growth on denuded areas, keep down forest fires, protect and perpetuate the supply of hardwood, protect the game and fish, and enhance the beauty and charm of the region as a health and pleasure resort, as well as prevent the navigable streams that flow from these mountains from filling up with the sand and silt, whose removal is now costing annually large sums of money."

Thus it is seen that the problem is the one of "little fountains" and "little acorns."

## NO CATCH.

"Mark Twain," said a magazine editor, "brought out 'Joan of Arc' anonymously. The book was one of his failures, but he was proud of it. Before he acknowledged its authorship, he sometimes flashed for compliments about it."

"One evening at a dinner Mark Twain said carelessly to a Senator:

"Are you a novel reader?"

"Yes, a great novel reader," was the reply.

"I don't suppose you're following that anonymous new serial, 'Joan of Arc'?"

"Indeed, I am, though; every installment."

"What do you think of it? Is it good?"

"That's hardly a fair question to ask me," replied the Senator, who knew the book's real author. "You see I wrote 'Joan of Arc' myself."

In its attachment to man the dog is excelled only by the leech.



LIEUTENANT E. V. MILLER AND THE SON OF A DATO CHIEF.

ample that was most worthy of being followed.

The soldiers brought the body of the Moro chief to Lieutenant Miller. He had long been puzzled over this desperate question. He was still puzzling over it. He was young, an American from civil life. He was resourceful. But the issue had him bested. He could but order the remains quietly buried.

But instantly, as an inspiration, the solution came to him. He countermanded his first order. He instructed his men to lay the body in state. He told them to announce throughout the village that the datto chieftain would be buried on the morrow in the village square and with military honors. The soldiers grumbled, suspecting that the heat of the sun had turned their commander's head, but they carried out the orders.

The natives rejoiced. They believed that the Americans were at last coming to realize the heroism with which their oath-bound men were dying and were ready to give it the honor which, to them, was its due.

On the morrow the preparations for the funeral were elaborate. Lieutenant Miller posted the whole of 'Is force at one end of the public square. Every man was fully armed. Every gun was ready for immediate action. His military band was in attendance to furnish the solemn music fitting such an occasion.

The square was roped off. About three sides of it the natives were allowed to gather. The report of the ceremony had gone forth, and all those within a day's travel were on hand. At last they were to see the Americans do honor to their glorious dead.

Finally the body of the Datto Oall was brought forth. A grave was ready prepared for it. Amid the strains of music it was brought to the grave and lowered



A FILIPINO WARRIOR OF THE PRIMITIVE TYPE.

into its place. Then the members of the procession retired and the square was left entirely cleared. But the ceremony was not yet over. The grave was still



A GENTLEMAN FROM SAMAR. Type of Filipino that has caused our soldiers much trouble in the past.

uncovered. The American soldiers stood at order arms, but ready for action. The Moros on the three sides of the square stood in silence, looking on.

Into this silence stepped two grizzled American soldiers selected for steadiness of nerve, effectiveness of purpose. Between them they bore a pig, alive, kicking. A hand was removed from about its muzzle and its squealing rent the air. From the assembled Moros went up a wail of disgust, and then they fell again into silence.

Here, parenthetically, it becomes necessary to explain the abhorrence of the Moro Mahometan for a pig. There are many races who regard the pig as unclean, but to none of these does it carry the contamination that it does to these people. The blood of a pig is eternal damnation. To him so contaminated there is no place in Heaven. On the con-

as a discourager of the lifetaking of these misguided people and thereby well-nigh did away with the practice.

It was in 1902 that the 7th Separate Brigade of the United States cavalry went into Mindanao and the Jolo archipelago, the former the big island in the south of the Philippine group and the latter a string of smaller islands extending still further to the southwest. The Celebes sea is to the south of Mindanao and is separated from the Sulu sea by the Jolo group. Borneo is but a little way off and the whole region was overrun by a lawless and piratical people of much more spirit than the other Filipinos and more difficult to bring to an appreciation of the American viewpoint.

Brigadier General Samuel S. Sumner led the first force of occupation into Mindanao, and under him served Captain Pershing, the present Governor. Among the rank and file of the lesser officers was Lieutenant Edward Y. Miller, a volunteer officer from Chicago. This Lieutenant Miller later showed unprecedented genius in controlling natives and became Governor of Palawan, the most remote of all the islands. Here he performed such feats of uplift as to establish himself as without an equal as a provincial governor. But, unfortunately, he was crowned last summer. The report of the provincial government, just published, pays him the greatest tribute ever accorded an officer of similar rank.

Captain Pershing pushed to the interior of Mindanao. Here it was that he first encountered the Juramentado, or oath-bound men of the Moro tribes. It was in the Lake Lanao country on the road to Malabang that Camp Vicars was established. Throughout this region the Moros were hostile. They opposed the advance of the Americans at every step. So inadequate were their implements of warfare, however, that the struggle was a hopeless one from the beginning. The Sultan of Bacolod, the strongest of all the rulers encountered, built a fort so that from his viewpoint it could withstand all the world. But the American guns at three hundred yards completely demolished it and broke up the resistance. All this was done by the Americans with the least possible sacrifice of life and with always the prospect of peace to the front.

Captain Pershing marched all the way around Lake Lanao, where the feet of white men had never before penetrated, and then settled down to an occupation intended to win the friendship of the natives. It was in these days that the running amuck of the fanatics began and which so long took its toll of the